

THE DARKEST NIGHT.

"He then having received the sop went out straightway, and it was night." Earth's darkest night is not that one on which the lights are out and the stars refuse to shine. Nor yet is the night of sorrow the darkest. It may be true that then life's light is dimmed, and a great gloom settles over one's poor spirit. But there is a darker night still—the night of remorse, when a raging grief and shame have burned the heart to ashes—when one marches away condemned from the judgment bar of his own soul—when one feels, as Judas did, that he is undone, and earth has no relief for him—that the only way out of this night is by a suicidal hand to open the gates which usher into a night that is darker still.

How many interviews Judas had with the priests, we do not know. All along for two years or more, they had been watching their chance. Maybe this knowledge had been like a firebrand in the mind of Judas. The eyes of the priests had been to Judas like the eyes of a serpent to a bird. He knew that the opportunity for a bargain was never closed to him, and this knowledge at last conquered him. I used to play checkers sometimes with my dear old friend, Ned Cuttino, now gone away from me, and sometimes he would not hesitate to show me a trap he had set for me. He fixed it, and left it there, feeling confident that, sooner or later, I would fall into it, and generally I did. So the high priests did. They did not conceal their designs, and Judas was caught at last. God pity the man who has to live daily and hourly with in sight and sound of a great temptation! The time came when Judas could hold out no longer. I guess it is a sort of apology a brother disciple makes for him when he says, "Satan entered into him."

So, one night while a stiff argument was going on in the hall of the assembled high priests, there was a cat-like step approaching the door, and then a timid rap. The man who stood there looked quickly about to see if he was watched, and was impatient till the door was opened. Then behold the spectacle that follows under the glare and flash of the lights—Jesus' friend, Jesus' disciple has come to bargain with Jesus' enemies! The moment the priests found out why he had come, they assumed a patronizing air. What they said against Jesus, how they denounced him, and looked laughingly into each other's eyes, will never be known. But the contract was made. The Lord was sold, and Judas had the money in his open palm—thirty pieces of silver—fifteen or twenty dollars in our money. Then he went out. His bargain was that he would kiss his Master when he found him, and so point him out. Therefore he told them where and where to come.

The accomplishing of a wicked scheme—the nervous excitement of the thing—will keep one up for awhile; but the spirit quails at last. That money there in Judas' hand is not doing him any good now. Nay, he clutches it tightly, lest some one should hear it rattle. The very sound of the gold in his hand would startle him more than the hiss of a serpent in his bosom. Did he despise himself? Yes, and that was bad enough, but those men whom he had left—they despised him too—those priests. They had paid him their money, but it was like casting refuse to a dog, and he knew it. The idea of money being a solace to a man in this condition! There are people living in great and splendid homes, gotten through sinful gain and fraud, and to them the floors are never smooth, the lights are always dim, the beds hard and uncomfortable. A man may sell himself for money; but money will not cancel the obligation.

But let us follow Judas. A great criminal, like a great sufferer, easily arrests our attention. Judas now goes back to his old place in that upper room. He is the conscious carrier of a great secret. Can he keep it? There are some secrets that cannot be kept. In Iliad's story of Eugene Aram, he tells how the murderer cast his victim in the river. Now the corpse lies buried and is safe from mortal eyes. But on the following morning, the murderer returns to the spot, and there lay the corpse—the faithless stream was dry. It was so with Judas. For lo! Jesus knew the secret, and publicly exposed the traitor. What a time that was when they were all asking, "Lord, is it I?" and Judas had to ask it too. How his voice trembled that night! Then too he had to look upon the pained face of his Master, and John says Jesus was troubled in spirit. Judas had also to come into touch again with his former comrades. It must have been an awful hour. It was Jesus who cut the interview short. There was no use to prolong the agony, and hence he said, "What thou doest, do quickly." Then Judas went out, "and it was night." Grave, solemn, holy night! Did thy sweet stars twinkle and twinkle and grow pale and dim? A man had sold his master! Judas had bargained away his

Lord for money. Night! It was a ways night to any man who turns his back on treachery on his best friend. Judas was to be with Jesus no more. Only once again was he to see him under the glare of torches, and then never more until the day when earth and sea give up their dead, and Judas and Jesus stand face to face. He had surrendered all claims upon Jesus for help and blessing—even the privilege of worship and prayer was gone. All gone; but he had the money. Yes, he had that, and it twinkled in the folds of his robe while John was asking, "Is it I?" Now he is out in the night, and he holds the money in his palm. It writhes like a nest of serpents. It burns like a fire from hell, and under some dim light he is passing the shining of the money struck his brain, and made him mad and crazy. Go, spend your money, man, and enjoy it. Surely you have paid dearly enough for it, now get out of it all you can. Go down into the city where the gleeful and happy people live, go to the place of carousal. And sure enough, yonder he goes—goes like the flight of a horse. Down into the city now? No, I see him standing there, out of breath, at the door of the high priests' hall, the very place where he got the money. "Take it! Take it!" he cries. "I have sinned! I have betrayed an innocent man! And the money jingles on the floor. Then out again into the night—a night now grown but darker for him; for there is a darkness which even gold cannot charm away. Where now, Judas? 'Ah! whither shall I flee from hell? Myself am hell!' He cannot get rid of his sin; so he gets rid of himself. Somewhere he discovers an old leather rope. Standing on the city wall that overlooked the deep valley, he ties the rope, one end about his neck, the other to the wall, and then he leaps. There is a jerk, a snap; the rope breaks, and Judas, falling upon the jagged rocks beneath, bursts open. And it was still night—night in the world he left, and night in the world whither he went.

That was the end of the man who sold his Lord. Shall we curse and censure him? No, not now. Sometimes there come moments of spiritual delirium, when for the gratification of some sinful impulse, one is willing to give up everything else. John Bunyan said that for a year he was continually tempted by a vice which seemed to say, "Sell Christ! part with Christ!" The man upon whom Satan has fixed his burning eye—yes, into whom the evil spirit has already entered—deserves the pity and the prayer of every believing soul. Judas is the marvel of the New Testament. A man who grew worse and worse at heart, while yet he lived under the holiest influence. But he went away at last, and out into the night. There was night in the world about him—night in the throbbing heavens above—night in his heart—night in the blackness of his thoughts—night in the pit to which his spirit went—night everywhere and forever.—C. C. Brown, in Baptist Courier.

Some Funny Ads.

Somebody has been collecting queer advertisements from the papers; here are a few specimens:

"Annual sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here."

"A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."

"For sale—A pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs."

"Wanted—A room by two gentlemen about 30 feet long and 20 feet broad."

"Lost—A collie dog by a man on Saturday evening answering to Jim with a brass collar around his neck and a muzzel."

"Wanted—By a respectable girl, her passare to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor."

"Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins."

"Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted—An organist and a boy to blow the same."

"Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter."

"Wanted—For the summer, a cottage for a small family with a good drainage."

"Lost—Near Highgate archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle."

"Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons."

"To be disposed of, a mail phaton, the property of a gentleman with a movable headpiece as good as new."

To The Public.

We are authorized to guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and if not satisfactory to refund the money to the purchaser. There is no better medicine made for la grippe, colds and whooping cough. Price, 25 and 50c per bottle. Try it. For sale by Hill-Or Drug Co.

—Drunkennes does not produce faults; it discloses them. Fortune does not change manners, it uncovers them.

A MISNAMED TOWN.

Even Philadelphia Calls Bustleton a Sleepy Old Place.

Nestling cozily at the junction of two colonial highways out in the Thirty-fifth ward, Bustleton enjoys the unique distinction of being a veritable Sleepy Hollow within the limits of this great city, in spite of the activity supposed to be indicated by its name. While every other portion of the city and many country sections have their free postal delivery systems, the residents of Bustleton are still compelled to go to the postoffice and inquire for any mail matter that may be awaiting them. In the way of facilities for reaching the heart of the city they are also practically no better off than they were half a century ago, when the stage coach was the only method of public conveyance.

The town is most beautifully located at the junction of the old Welsh road, laid out and used at least 200 years ago, and the main road leading from Bucks county to the city, known as the Bustleton turnpike, which was macadamized about 1807. The Welsh road was so named because it held from the old King's highway—the Bristol turnpike—at Lumburg, to the Welsh hills. Back of Bustleton and running past the old Pennypack Baptist meeting house, the oldest of its kind in the city, is the Krewstown road, which takes its name from a celebrated family of patriots during the Revolutionary war, the descendants of whom are still living in that section.

Bustleton itself, according to tradition, got its name from a woman, who in the early days lived on the site of the present railroad station. She was an active housewife, and when the question of naming the village came up some one suggested the name of the woman. The name was, however, a Welsh one and rather hard for the uninitiated to get around, and that idea was given up. But, according to the stories handed down in the old families, the town was called Bustle town in honor of the bustling character of the woman. Since then the name has been corrupted into Bustleton.

For over 70 years the only means of travel between Bustleton and this city were the old stage coaches. But in 1870 the Pennsylvania railroad built a branch out from Holmesburg, which resulted in driving off the stage coaches. George Birkmann, now proprietor of a hotel at Holmesburg Junction, formerly owned the stage coach line, and he tells many interesting stories of the old days. He bought the line about 1860. But it had been operated for half a century before that by John Risdon, David Davis and others. The fare to and from the city from Bustleton was 25 cents each way. By railroad it is now 64 cents for the round trip, or 38 cents for a single fare.

Two trips were made by the stage coach each way to Second and Arch streets, and the time consumed between the terminal points was one and a half hours. Counting delays, by reason of trains laying over and afterward taking trolley cars at Front and Berks streets, Birkmann claims that there is little or no saving in time between then and now. By the recent taking off of trains for mail of traffic, Bustleton is in point of fact no better off today in the matter of early and late transportation than it was when stage coaches were run half a century ago.

Twenty-five years ago Bustleton had the large La Grange and the Lodges' Print works running, which, together with the Yerkes Edgo Tool works, near by, gave employment to several hundred people of both sexes. Now not one of these is running, and there is not a single manufacturing interest employing half a dozen hands being carried on in the town. Notwithstanding all this, Bustleton is one of the most delightful and healthful sections of the city in which to live, and its people are happy and contented. But they would like to have mail delivery by carriers.

Among the residents of the pretty little town are still many families whose ancestors for generations back lived and died in the same place. The Dungs, Sniders, Yonkers, Murrys, Brouses, Heritages, Knights, Shallescroses, Hogans, Greggs and a host of others still live there and vote at the same polling places where their great-grandfathers voted in the early days of the republic.—Philadelphia Record.

A Man of Few Words.

The Marquis of Hertford, the founder of the celebrated Wallace art collection, was a man of few words to his agents, but his words were to be obeyed to the letter. Thus he directed them to purchase a Rubens on a certain occasion, but after they had bid the painting up to about \$50,000 the agents weakened and permitted it to be knocked down to another bidder. When his lordship was informed of this, he wrote them, "When in future I ask you to purchase anything for me, I expect you to do so."

A system regulator is a medicine that strengthens and stimulates the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. Prickly Ash Bitters is a superior system regulator. It drives out all unhealthy conditions, promotes activity of body and brain, restores good appetite, sound sleep and cheerful spirits. Sold by Evans Pharmacy.

—Mr. Simon, the new senator from Oregon, is the smallest man in congress—smaller than General Wheeler or Senator Wilson, who weighs only 96 pounds.

MEXICAN PEARL FISHING.

The Annual Yield of the Gulf of California Is About \$350,000.

The agent of the English proprietors of the concession granted by the Mexican republic for a monopoly of pearl fishing in the gulf of California recently gave some interesting details of the present methods employed in their industry, which has continued ever since the occupation of the country in the time of Cortes.

The whole coast of the gulf of California abounds in pearls, and the concessions control the entire territory. Until within the last few years native divers were employed, and the depth to which they could descend did not exceed 35 feet. With the introduction of diving apparatus the limit of depth was increased to 20 fathoms. The best divers could formerly remain under water not to exceed two minutes. A modern diver thinks nothing of a two hour stop in water 100 feet in depth, though at greater depths the stay is necessarily shortened on account of the enormous pressure of the superincumbent water. A diver when upon the floor of the ocean looks about for the oyster, which he tears from the object to which it is attached, and places it in a small bag hanging to a rope, which is hauled into the boat on a given signal. Sometimes the number of oysters secured is large. At other times only a few are caught.

The diver does not confine himself to the pearl oyster alone, but if he sees a rare specimen of coral or a new species of shell he places it in his bag and sends it to the surface, where it becomes the property of the concession and one source of its large income.

Last year the value of the pearls harvested in Lower California was alone \$350,000. In addition 5,000 tons of shells were exported, which were valued at \$1,250,000 more. Pearl fishing is the entire occupation of the natives, and La Paz, the headquarters, a city of the peninsula, with about 2,000 inhabitants, is solely dependent upon the industry. The business is one of chance, and the pursuit is a fascinating one to the natives, who are born gamblers.

Every oyster does not contain its pearl, and only at intervals, and rare ones at that, is a really valuable pearl discovered. The largest one ever found was about three-quarters of an inch in diameter and was sold in Paris to the emperor of Austria for \$10,000. Many black pearls are found in Lower California and are valued higher than the pure white. The large majority are seed pearls and are only of moderate value.

San Francisco is not the market for Mexican pearls, though it ought to be. The harvest is exported straight to London and Paris and distributed from those great markets.

The dangers of pearl fishing have always been exaggerated, possibly to give a fictitious value to the beautiful gems. The loss of life in the fisheries in Lower California was undoubtedly larger before the introduction of the diving dress, but it is not an established fact that the deaths were always caused by the shark or octopus, though these marine monsters were without doubt responsible for the loss of many lives. Every diver has plenty of hair raising stories to relate of narrow escapes from death, but as he is the only witness of these affairs it makes the difficulty to substantiate them so much the greater.

The occupation at best is a hazardous one, and those who were engaged in it before the introduction of diving apparatus were always short lived. The demand in the world's markets for pearls of extra beauty is always far in excess of the supply.—Mineral Collector.

—The smallest tree in the world is the Greenland birch. Its height is less than three inches, yet it covers a radius of two to three feet.

Deadly Cancer Cured at Last!

Do Not Give Up in Despair—There is Hope!

For ages it has been thought that Cancer is incurable, and those so unfortunate as to have this dreadful affliction have considered themselves beyond hope of recovery. The doctors are absolutely unable to afford any relief, and the poor sufferer might as well consider himself on the way to an early grave.

It is now easy to see why the doctors have failed to cure Cancer. The reason has been all wrong. The doctors have been treating the disease as a local trouble, and have made the mistake of trying to cure it by cutting out the cancerous growth, and the cancerous growth, known as Cancer, the disease would be gotten rid of, and the patient restored to health. But the cancerous growth accomplishes nothing for the Cancer promptly returns, and it is always more virulent than before.

It has been demonstrated beyond doubt that Cancer is a blood disease, and can be cured by the surgeon's knife because the blood can be cut away.

Several years ago my wife had an ulcer on her tongue, which, though annoying, was not regarded seriously at first. It refused to heal and began to grow, giving her much pain. The doctors treated it for quite a while but

Baked Cured Ham.

Nothing is more delicate and delicious for luncheons and high teas than a cured ham baked. Take a ham weighing from seven to nine pounds and soak it overnight. In the morning scrape the outside, rinse well and roll around it a bunch of sweet hay. Place it in a good sized kettle and cover it with cold water. Put the kettle over the fire, and when the water reaches the boiling point place it over the cooler part of the fire, where the ham will just simmer for two hours. Then take it from the fire and let the meat remain in the kettle until the liquid is just lukewarm. Then take out the ham and peel off the skin. Place the meat in a baking pan and bake in a moderate oven two hours, using a cup of wine, hard cider or vinegar sweetened with brown sugar to baste it with, pouring on two tablespoonfuls at a time until the amount is used. Then baste frequently with the drippings from the ham. When the ham is baked, before it is removed from the oven take a cup of finely rolled stale bread crumbs and two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and a level teaspoonful of dry mustard and moisten with a little oil or wine to make a paste. Spread this over the ham and return it to the oven long enough to have it a nice brown.

A sauce to serve with baked ham is made thus: Put into a saucepan over the fire a heaping teaspoonful of butter and an equal amount of flour. Stir them together until they are browned. Then gradually add a cup of highly seasoned stock and cook ten minutes; add a cup of wine or cider. Stir until it is hot; then strain and serve.—New York Commercial.

Prickly Ash Bitters cures the kidneys, regulates the liver and purifies the bowels. A valuable system tonic. Sold by Evans Pharmacy.

—It is said that banana juice makes a first-class indeleble ink. A spot on a white shirt from a deadripe banana is marked forever, and the juice from bananas thoroughly decayed is a bright clear carmine.

—Sabbath School Teacher—"Why, Petey Murphy! Fighting again? Did not last Sunday's lesson teach that when you are struck on one cheek to turn the other to the striker?" Petey Murphy—"Yes, but he welked me on the nose, and I only got one."

WINE OF CARDUI  
McELREE'S  
Wine of Cardui  
has demonstrated ten thousand times that it is almost infallible FOR WOMAN'S PECULIAR WEAKNESSES.  
Irregularities and derangements of the system. It has become the leading remedy for all classes of troubles. It exerts a wonderfully healing, strengthening and soothing influence upon the menstrual organs. It cures "whites" and falling of the womb. It stops flooding and relieves suppressed and painful menstruation. For Change of Life it is the best medicine made. It is beneficial during pregnancy, and helps to bring children into homes barren for years. It invigorates, stimulates, strengthens the whole system. This great remedy is offered to all afflicted women. Why will you not suffer another winter with certain relief within reach? Wine of Cardui only costs \$1.00 per bottle at your drug store. For advice, in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the Ladies' Advisory Department, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.  
Rev. I. W. Smith, Camden, S. C., says: "My wife used Wine of Cardui at home for falling of the womb and it entirely cured her."  
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Purely Vegetable  
and contains not a particle of putash, mercury, arsenic or other mineral poisons. Valuable books on Cancer and Blood Diseases will be mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY.  
Experts disagree on almost everything, but when the subject touches upon the great Superiority of...  
THE GREAT SYRACUSE TURN PLOW  
There is but one opinion, and that is that it is the best Plow on earth. Syracuse Plows are designed right, made right, sold right. They will turn land where others have failed, and build for themselves a demand wherever introduced. The popularity of this Plow comes from genuine merit. Competitions will tell you that they have something just as good, but don't be deceived—there is but one best, and that is the SYRACUSE. We also sell the—  
SYRACUSE HARROWS,  
And Syracuse Harrows, like Syracuse Plows, are thoroughly Up-to-Date. See us before buying.  
Yours truly,  
BROCK BROS.

— There are plenty of people in the world who practically grumble because they can't find something to grumble about.

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Condensed schedule in Effect

Oct. 15, 1908.

STATIONS.	Ex. Run. No. 17.	Daily No. 11.
Lv. Charleston .....		7 50 a m.
L. Columbia .....		8 15 " "

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT